

ACT III.

SCENE I.

Andante moderato.

PIANO.

p e dolce.

Ped. * Ped. *

tr *tr*

cres.

tr *tr* *tr* *tr*

cres. *f* *p*

IVANHOE.

Hap - py with wing - ed

feet, Comes the morn - ing soft - ly steal - ing in; . . . And to my dar - ling's

cham - ber sweet This hap - py light . . will win! Hap - py with wing - ed

feet, Comes the morn . . . ing, comes the morn ing soft . ly steal-ing in; . . .

Ped. * Ped. * Ped. *

... And to . . . my dar - ling's cham - ber . . . sweet This . . .

Ped. * Ped. * Ped. *

hap - py light . . . will win !

D

O, fair pro -

più forte.

Ped. * Ped. *

- ces - - sion of the morn - - - ing hours,

Ped. *

Go, bid my love a - wake with . . . all the

f Ped. * Ped. * Ped.

flow'rs, O fair pro - ces - sion of the mor - ning hours, Go

bid my love a - wake with all the flow'rs,

cres. Ped. * Ped. * Ped.

bid my love . . . a - wake with all . . . the flow'rs,

dim. *rall.* *coda voce.*

Ped. * Ped. * Ped. 19,001.

E a tempo.

But . . . let me sleep a - while, . . . and dream my on - ly wound is from love's dart; . . . And

p

Ped. 4 * Ped. 4 * Ped. 4 * Ped. 1 4 *

cun - ning - ly . . . my thought be - guile, To deem that thou, fair Queen, . . . My

Ped. *

gaol - er art! So pri - son bars and wounds more

dear shall be, Than all the world Shall . . . dear - er be,

cres.

19,001.

shall be, . . . Than all the world, . . . more

con passione.

dear than all the world if there I find . . . not thee.

sempre f *dim.*

p

Come, gen - tle sleep, come, gen - tle sleep,

dim.

dim.

come, . . . gen - tle sleep . . .

pp *Ped.* *pp*

(Enter ULRICA & REBECCA.)

quasi Recit.

ULRICA.

Tend thou the knight thou lov - est,

An - o - - ther and a

Distesso tempo.

no - bler work be mine !

Look for thy

(Exit ULRICA.)

REBECCA.

bri - dal tor - ches !

Aye, she speaks

truth; I love him.

Now, in this hour of doubt and dan - ger,

To my weak heart I say, "Be still, I love him." . . .

pp

Ped.

Allegretto pastorale e con moto.

Ah, would that thou and I might lead our sheep A - mong the fold - ed hills! The

win - - ter is past, . . . the rain is o - ver and gone; . . . The sing - ing birds are
 come be - side the rills. A - - rise, be -
 lov - ed one! I love thee, I love
 thee, I love thee; . . . O my love! My
 Animato.

19,001.

A - sa - hel. O ! swift as the wild roe, And
 ter - ri - ble as arm - ed hosts That go with ban - ners on - ward wa . . .

ving. . . . How fair and plea . . .

- - - - - sant art thou, O my love! A sha - dow of the

19,001.

rock, a hap - py foun - - tain spring-ing; A bird . . . his glad song

wing - ing up to high heav'n in a maze of . . . light! in a

maze of light, to heav'n, . . .

8va. alta.

rall. e dim.

to heav'n in a maze

8va. alta.

rall. e dim.

pp

K Tranquillo.

of light, a maze of light! . . . Sleep foun - tain, bird, and

8va. *colla voce.* *Ped.* *Ped.* *

love, for sure - ly sleep is . . . best; . . . Sleep, . . . while I

dim. *dim.*

guard thy rest By day . . . or night;

pp *pp*

Ped. * *Ped.*

For on - ly in thy sleep

p *p*

art thou . . . my love. Ah me, . . .

for many wa - ters Quench not the fire . . . of

sempre pp

love; . . . and, when he wakes, His eyes are not for me.

dim. al fine.

Rest, . . . rest, . . . be - lov - ed! Rest, . . .

ppp

rit. al fine.

Ped. * Ped. * Ped.

rest, . . . be - lov - - - - . . . ed! . . .

* p p p ppp Ped.

M

sempre *pp*

A musical score for 'Ivanhoe. Recit.' featuring three staves. The top staff is a vocal line with lyrics: 'And is it thou, dear maid-en ? My gen-tle nurse ! Now all is'. The middle staff is a piano line with dynamic markings 'cres.' and 'sf'. The bottom staff is another piano line. The key signature is C major, and the time signature is common time. The vocal line starts with a fermata and a grace note. The piano lines feature eighth-note patterns and sustained notes.

a tempo.

Allegro non troppo.

well with me . . . since thou art near. But

(Trumpet behind the Scene.)

19,001.

hark ! what sound is in mine ear ? I
 {
 cresc.
 {
 dreamed, but dream no more. And now our friends re - new their
 (Trumpet behind the scene.)
 {
 cresc.
 {
 }

REBECCA. *p*
 on - - set. Peace, be
 {
 dim.
 {
 }

still ! I hear no sound of com - bat. IVANHOE.
 {
 {
 }

19,001.

pause be - fore the on - set, The still - ness ere the thun - der breaks in the

ad lib.

air. A - non 'twill break in fu - ry.

cres. *f* *colla voce.* *f*

I pray thee, gen - tle maid - en,

REBECCA. Un poco più lento.

Help me to yon - der win - dow. Nay, rest, I

f

19,001.

Q RECIT.

pray thee! I will stand At yon - der win - dow, and will tell How flow the tides of war. Fear not for

p

moderato. IVANHOE.

me! Nay, gen - tle heart, it must not be, That thou dare dan - ger for my sake. My

mf

whole life long should I go mourn - ing thee, Wert . . . thou to sleep in death, and I to wake.

sf dim.

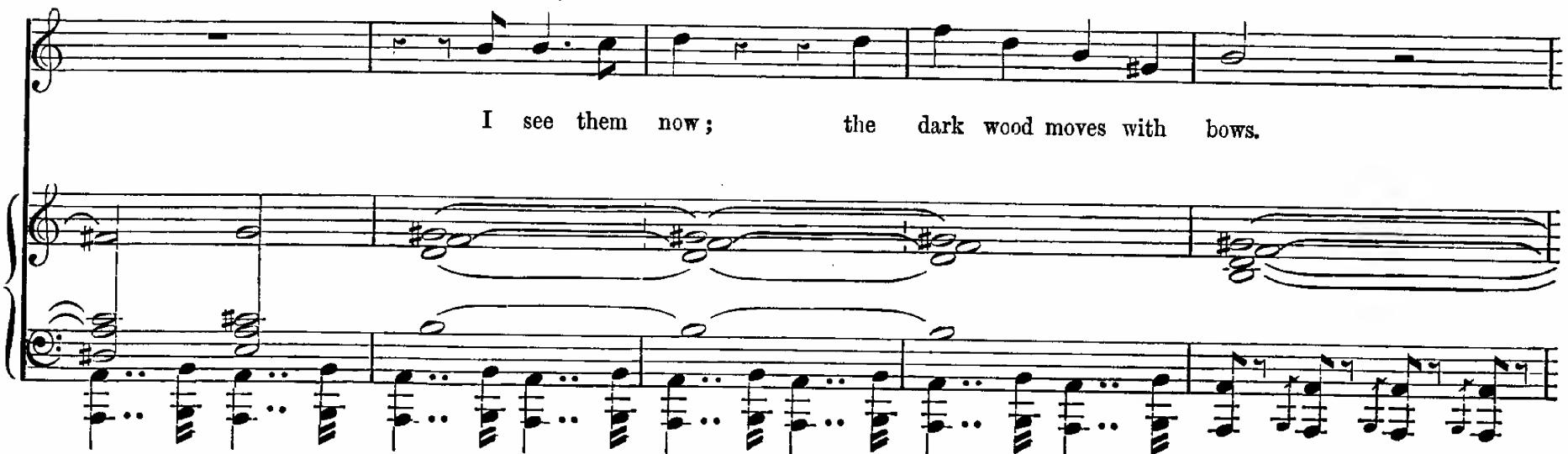
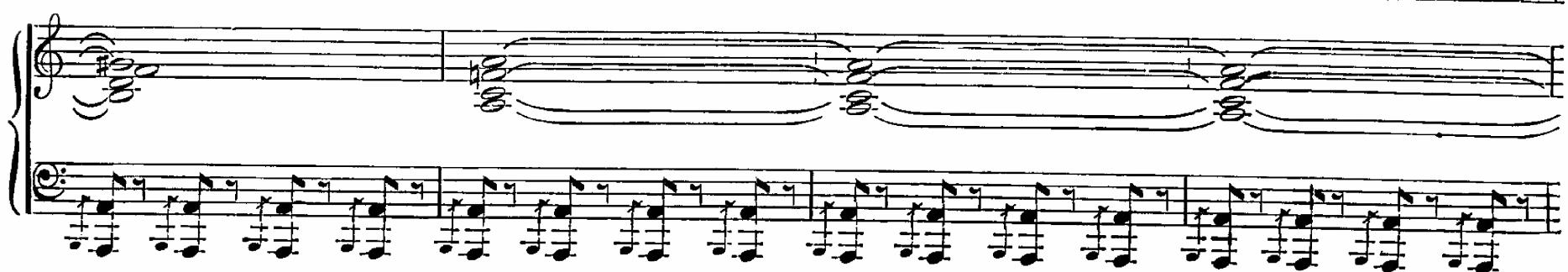
REBECCA.

Thy shield then! Proud - ly will I bear The glo - rious shield of I - van - hoe!

pp

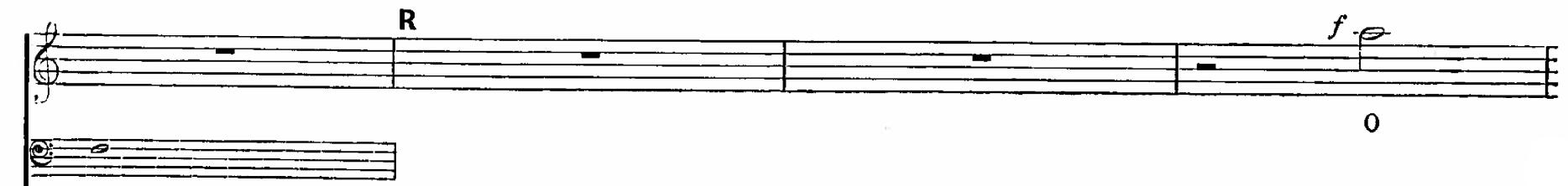
Allegro vivace.

REBECCA.

(Trumpets behind
the scene.)

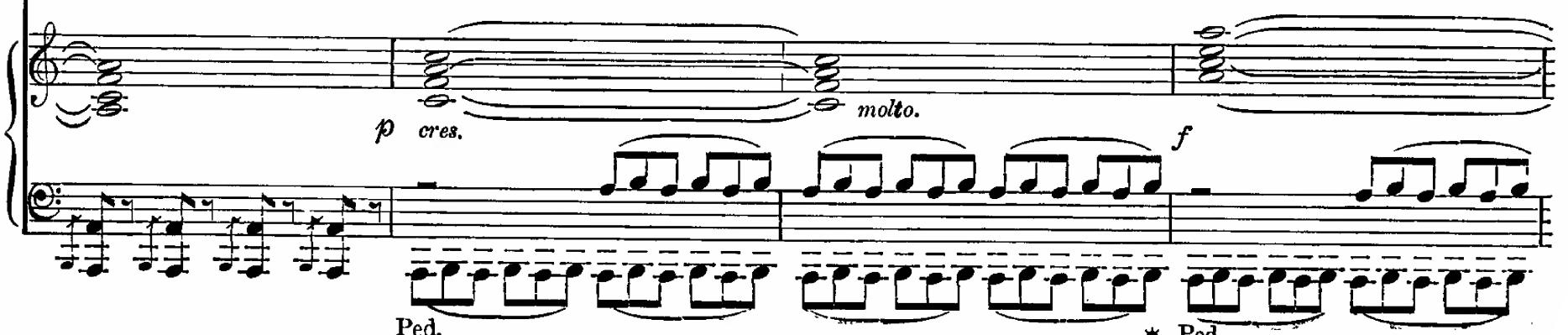
R

f



p cres.

molto.



God of Is - rael, shield us in this hour !

Ped. *

On, on they come with bend - ed bows tri -

p p

umph - ant; On, on they drive, and now the qui - ver

p p

S TENORS.

rat - tleth; The noise of the cap - tains and the shout - ing ! De

(Chorus behind the scenes.)

BASSES.



Bra - cy, De Bra - cy ! On, Free Com - pan - ions, on ! The Tem - ple ! the Tem - ple !

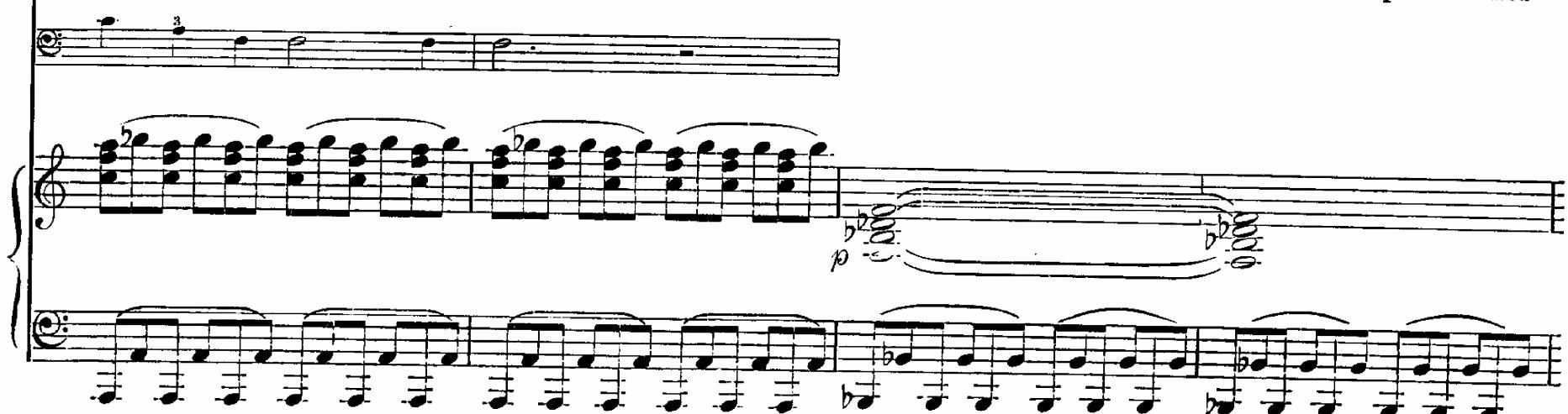
(Trumpets behind the scenes.)



Strike for the Tem - plar ! strike !

IVANHOE.

And I must lie like pal - sied



monk While the great game is play - ing !

What of the



sa - ble knight ? Does he ride for Like one who goes a -

marcato.

- may - ing, With joy of bat - tle and the pride of war ?

REBECCA.

With gi - ant blows he hews the pa - li - sade ;

A migh - ty axe swings in his mail - ed hand, His

black plume floats a - far, Ara - ven o'er the storm - y fight!

cres. cres.

The pa - li - sa - do falls; he en - ters in-

pp

On - ward he drives, a Jo - ab in the bat - tle!

19,001.

Li - on of war - . . . now fall his foes be-fore him,

3 3 3 3
Bend - ing like corn that bends be - fore . . . the whirl - - wind.

v
They fly,
cres. molto. ff pp

they fly a-cross the moat,
cres.

And hurl the plank a way ; the

f pp *cres. molto.*

out . . . work's won !

f

w

f p

Più lento.

Ah woe ! . . . The poor men left o' the o - ther side ! They fling them

p *stringendo.*

19.001.

down! they pierce them through! O God of Is . rael.

par - don in this hour The men whom thou hast made.

riten. *Andante moderato.*

IVANHOE.

How canst thou know . . . what pain it is to lie All help - less here, . . . while deeds of chi - val - ry Are

done so near and yet so far a - way? . . . What life is there but in the bat - tle brave,

19,001.

And who would live one day of sloth and shame, that in the clash of fight, The

bat - tle's fierce de - light, Might find 'mid war riors bold the glo - -

cres. *f con forza.* *ff*

REBECCA. *più vivo e animato.*

ry and the grave? Ah me! . . . not thus did

p

Ju - - - dah's war - riors go Forth . . . to the fight,

10.001.

but breath - ing prayer and praise ;

Not in the shield nor sword They

trust - ed, but in Him whose migh - ty arm Roll'd . . .

. . . back the flood, . . . till Pha - raoh's hosts of

war Were whelmed in rush - ing

Più lento.

wa - - - - - ters.

L.H.

Ped.

Allegro vivace.

sunk in vas - ty night. And

19,001.

yet be wit - ness, heav'n, with what de - - light, What rap - - ture
 IVANHOE. 3

How canst thou know what pain, What pain it is to

cres.

would I give My life - blood drop . . . by drop, so I might
 lie . . . All help - - - - less,

f

live But for one hour to see Ju - dah re - deemed from her cap - ti - vi - ty.

While deeds of chi - - - val - - ry are done so near? What . . . life

(CHORUS *behind the scenes.*) TENORS.

The Tem - pie! the
 (Trumpets *behind the scenes.*)

dim.

p

19,001.

would I give my life - - - blood, my life - - - blood,
 is there but in the bat - tle brave, the bat - - - tle's fierce de -

Tem - ple ! Strike for the Tem - plar, strike !

Saint George ! Saint George ! On for Saint George, on !

cre - - - sce - - -

drop by drop, my life - - - blood drop by
 light, the bat - - - - - tle's, bat - - - tle's fierce de -

Strike for the Tem - plar, strike ! Strike for the Tem - plar ! Strike . . . for the

On for Saint George, on ! On for Saint George ! On . . . for Saint

- do. cres. molto.

19,001.

drop, My life-blood drop by drop !

- light, The bat-tle's fierce de-light !

Tem-plar ! Strike !

George ! . . . Saint George !

ff

AA **REBECCA.**

But see ! What an-gry red-ness Flush-es the

heav'n a-bove us ? The cas-tle burns with fire.

19,001.

Now do I know thee Fiend with thy wed - ding

p

BB

tor - - - ches !

RECIT. THE TEMPLAR.

The cas - tle burns. A

cres. molto.

f

sf

a tempo.

way with me !

con fuoco.

f

CC

19,001.

REBECCA.

Wil - - fred ! Wil - - fred !

THE TEMPLAR.

A - way with me ! A - way with me !

Wil . fred ! In mer - cy save him !

A - way with me ! A - way ! . . .

8va. alta

EE IVANHOE.

The King ! The

dim. molto. pp

19,001.

King ! Long live the King !

CHORUS. TENORS. *f*

The King ! It is the

BASSES. *f*

The King ! It is the

King ! The Black Knight !

King ! The Black Knight ! Par . . don !

Par don ! Long live the King ! *F*

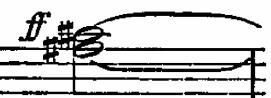
Par don ! Long live the King !

19,001.

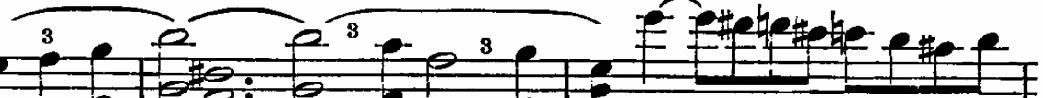
come, I come!

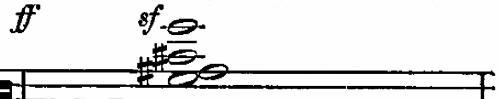
CHORUS. *ff* 

Ah!

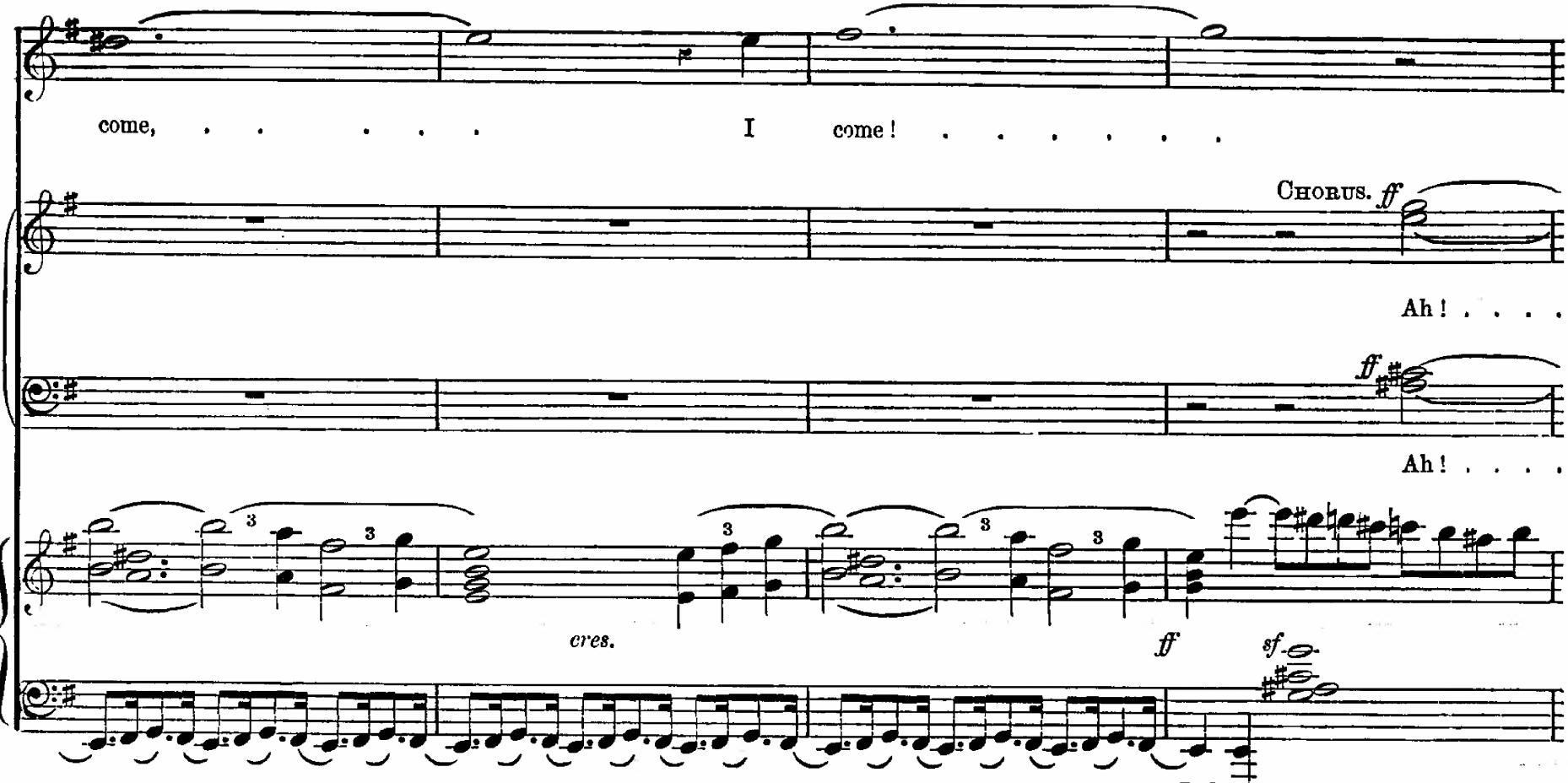
f 

Ah!

cres. 

f 

Ped. 



... 

... 

f 

ff 

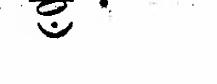
Ped. 



f 

ff 



19,001. 

SCENE II.

Allegro con spirito.

PIANO.

19,001.

A musical score for piano. The top staff is in treble clef, G major, and 2/4 time. It features a melodic line with eighth-note patterns and grace notes. The bottom staff is in bass clef, C major, and 2/4 time, providing harmonic support with sustained notes and eighth-note chords. The score includes dynamic markings like 'f' and 'tr.' (trill) and a fermata over a note in the bass staff.

CHORUS. TENORS. *p*

Light foot up - on the danc - ing green,

BASSES. *p*

Light foot up - on the danc - ing green,

tr

dim.

p

Ped. *

Light hand up - on the bow, With

Light hand up - on the bow, With

glanc - ing eye and laugh - ing mien A - down . . . the
 glanc - ing eye and laugh - ing mien A - down . . . the

glade we go, A - - down, a - - down . . . the glade . . . we
 glade we go,

Ped.

go, A - - down . . . the glade . . . we go.

- down . . . the glade we go, . . . And, march - ing,

Ped.

19,001.

f

And, march - ing, sing like yeo - - men true, "Our
sing like . . . yeo . . . men true, "Our bows are made of . . .
bows are made of . . . Eng . . . lish
Eng . . . lish yew, Eng . . . lish

Ped.

cres.

cres.

Eng . . . lish yew, Eng . . . lish

cres.

* Ped.

f

yew !

f

yew !

f

dim.

p

Ped.

C

19,001.

Light foot up - on the danc - ing green, Light hand

Light foot up - on the danc - ing green, Light hand

up - on the bow,

up - on the bow, A . .

A - - down . . the glade . . we go, We

dim. al Fine.

down . . the glade we go, A - - down . . the glade we

dim.

go . . . down . . . the glade.
go . . . down . . . the glade.

tr tr

Ped. Ped.

D *Andante espress.*

(Enter KING RICHARD, lute in hand. IVANHOE follows him.)

p

KING RICHARD.

Oh, I would be an out - law bold, To

strike the fly - ing deer, . . . Or leave the lov - er's tale half told In ling . . . 'ring

L'istesso tempo. RECIT.

mai - den's ear, . . . In ling - 'ring mai - den's ear. Hith- er, dear lad, and lean on me, This

air of woodland wild and free Shall brace the arm that hangs so weak, And bring the wild rose to thy cheek. Here will we

tr ~~~~~

IVANHOE.

rest and wile the time a - way With dain ty lute and jo-cund roun - - - - de - lay. Thy

Ped. *

E

love is more to me, my King, Than breath of May that po - ets sing, And dear as maid'en's love to

dim.

KING RICHARD.

me The hope... to live and fight for thee. Oh, for - est - ways are dark e - now, Though

shine the sil - ver moon, . . . And dark be - neath the for - est bough, The

strick - en deer shall swoon. Here, seat thee lad, and rest thy bones ; This knoll shall be the best of

Piu vivo, a tempo.

thrones ; And 'neath my ca - no - py of sing-ing birds I'll judge me like a king o' the an - cient world. What

19,001.

Moderato.

ho! What ho! Bring my pris'ner forth!

sf *dim.* *f* *dim.*

Ped.

ad lib

Mau - rice de Bra - ey, faith - less knight,

f *dim.* *p*

Ped.

G Andante.

Since thou didst seize up - on the road La - dies and liege-men of the King, Now tell me why, in hea - ven's sight, Of no - ble

DE BRACY.

tree a thank-less load Thou shouldst not swing ? My liege, I have no word to say, But

p

on - ly of thy mer - cy pray, Co - ver my face ; I would not fright The birds from their de - light ; Co - ver my

KING.

face, and let me swing The high-est ser-vant of my King. Maurice de Bra- cy, I pro - nounce thy doom :

Allegro vivace.

Get thee to horse, Strike spur, and ride a .

DE BRACY.

- way ! To horse ! and free ! Sure . . .

19,001.

KING.

ly my King . . . doth jest with me ! Not

Ped. * Ped. * Ped. *

I. I bid thee up and fly ! Ride as the fiend were

Ped. * Ped. * Ped. *

af - ter thee ! Ride till thou find my bro - ther John,

Ped. *

Charge . . . him he yield him to our grace Ere

Ped. *

ten days pass, or, by the Ho . ly Cross, I will so
 Ped. * Ped. *

maul him that his Lou - is o' France Shall know him not, and I'll
 so bend his neck That his back break.

Go ! Let thy horse be fleet ! Kneel not,
 cres. colla voce.

un poco rall.

19,001.

(Exit DE BRACY.)

speak not, but live . . . in hon - est - y!

molto.

sf

f

Ped.

Ped.

Moderato.
K KING. RECIT.

Look, where thy

Ped.

moo-dy fa-ther walks a - part,

And by his side thy gen-tle la - dy fair,

Lad, will thy sire for -

IVANHOE. KING.

give thee? A-las, my liege, I fear. We'll bend him yet. Look, where he comes this way; Stand thou a-part, and I will

Andante espress.

strive with him.

(Enter CEDRIC & ROWENA.)

p Ped.

Ce-dric, good friend, Didst thou not pro-mise me a boon for lus-ty fight-ing? What if I ask free

L CEDRIC.

par-don for thy son, and a fair wife? I am grown in-firm of

p

Andante con moto—l'istesso tempo.

pur - pose; I know not— If for the love of wo - man's face My life - long
 task must end - - ed be, And lost, the hope of Har - old's race, What work re -
 mains for me, re mains for me, Be - neath the sun?
 ores. dim. p

M KING RICHARD. *un poco animato.*

Mai - den, if e'er in for - est free The sun shone fair . . . for love's de - light, Kneel down and
 p staccato.

pray for cha - ri - ty, kneel down and pray for

cres.

cha - ri - ty, For so by thy brave knight shall bride be won, For so by brave knight shall

cres.

ROWENA. *Tempo 1mo.*

bride be won. Ce - dric. O fa - ther, hear me pray, By days of child - hood's lost de -

cres.

dim. p

cres.

N dim. p

- light, O fa - ther, Ce - dric, hear me pray, By days of child - hood's lost de -

IVANHOE. p

CEDRIC. O Ce - dric, O fa - ther, May

KING. O if for the love of wo - man's face my life-long task, my

O mai - den, if e'er in for - est free The sun shone fair, for

dim. p

cres.

light, When he and I were wont to play,

I find fa-vour in thy sight, And take . . . me to thy heart a .

life . long task must en-ded be, And lost the hope of Ha - - - - - rold's

love's de-light, Kneel down and pray in cha - ri - ty, Kneel down and pray in

cres.

Ce - dric, O fa - - - - - ther, . . . hear, For - give, . . . for -

gain . . . True man, and trus - ty Knight, And

race, and lost the hope . . . of Ha - rold's race, . . . What work re - mains for me Be -

cha - ri - ty, For . . . so by thy brave Knight, . . . shall bride be won, shall

Ped. *

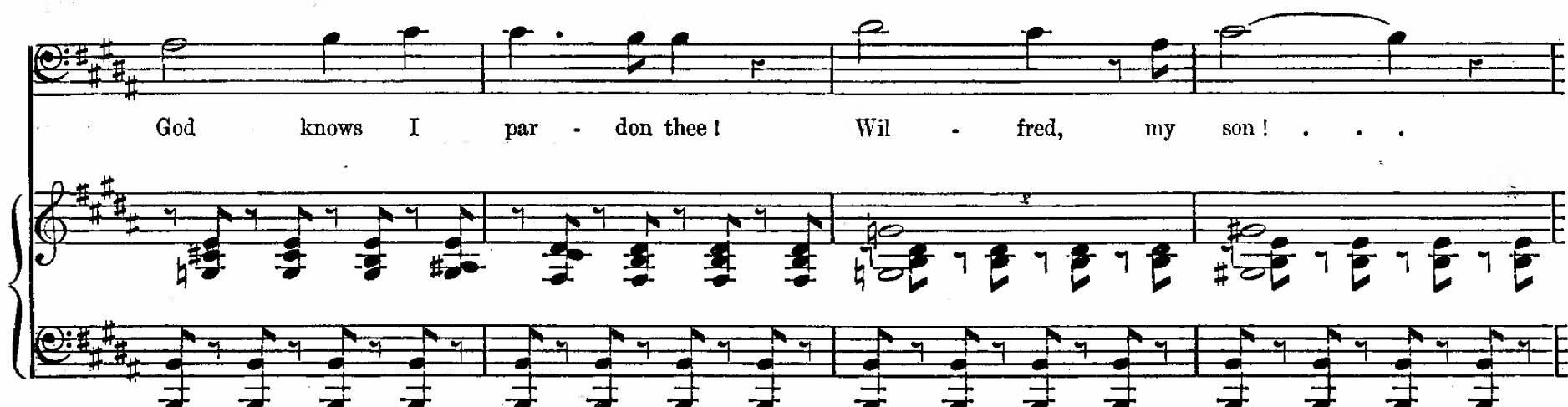
give thy son, For - give thy son,
 thine own son, For - give thy son,
 . neath the sun, For - give my son,
 bride be won. For - give thy son.
 8va. ~~~~~ loco. 8va. ~~~~~
 pp Ped. * Ped.

For - give thy son, For - give thy son.
 For - give thy son, For - give thy son.
 For - give my son ! my son !
 For - give thy son, For - give thy son.
 8va. ~~~~~ loco. 8va. ~~~~~ loco. f
 Ped. * Ped.

CEDRIC. (*He embraces WILFRED.*)

O

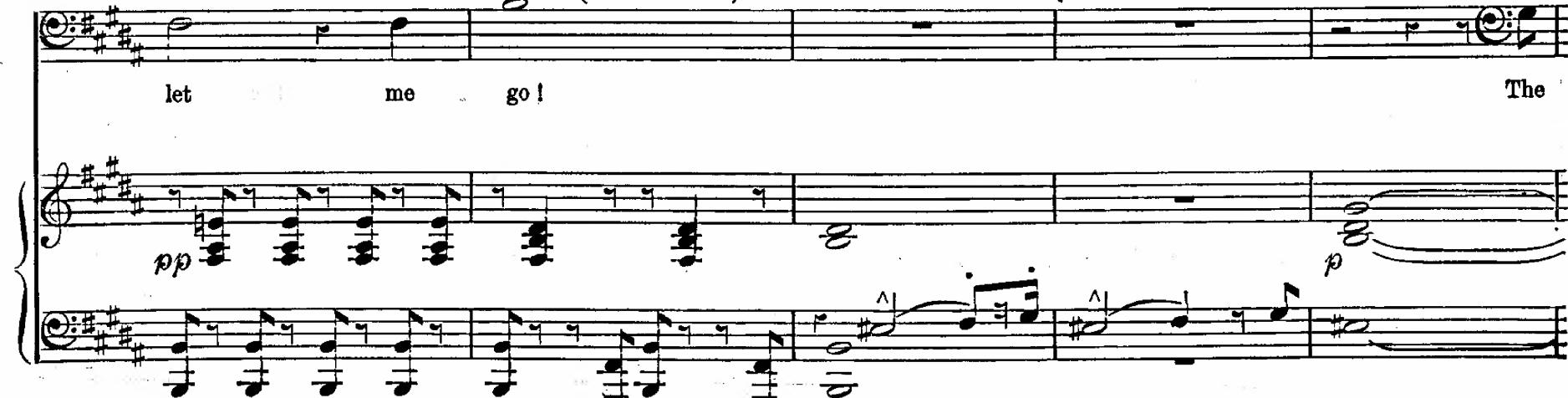
Be it as thou wilt.



(Exit CEDRIC.)

P

KING RICHARD.



... pli - ant wil-low waves, But the oak groans in bending, And I'll go too, for wellwot I That man and li - ly maid Well met i' the

Andante moderato.

for - est shade, De - sire no king for com - pa - ny. Oh ! I would be an

out - law bold, To strike the fly - ing deer; For hearts are young in for - est old, And

cres. *f*

Spring is all the year, . . . And Spring . . . is all the year.

colla voce. *ff* *rall.*

Andante express. **I**IVANHOE.

How oft be-neath the far-off Sy - rian skies Have I looked up

dim. *p*

and seen a - mid the stars, . . . Twin lights of home in land of dis-tant

cres.

dim. *R* **ROWENA.** How

dim. *p*

oft, when thou wert far be-yond the foam, And mine was wo - man's part of wea - ry rest,

p

19,001.

The musical score consists of four staves. The top two staves are for the vocal part, with the first being 'Ivanhoe' and the second being 'Rowena'. The bottom two staves are for the piano. The vocal parts are in 3/4 time, while the piano parts are in 2/4 time. The vocal parts are in treble clef, and the piano parts are in bass clef. The score includes lyrics for both parts, with some lyrics appearing on both staves. Dynamics such as 'dim.', 'p', and 'cres.' are indicated. Measure numbers are present at the bottom of the score.

cres.

Dream'd I my head lay hap - py on this breast, Thy heart . . . my

cres.

home! Thy heart . . . my home! . . . How oft be-neath the far - off Sy - rian skies Have

dim. p

cres.

How oft, when thou wert far be - yond the

I look'd up and seen a - mid the stars, Twin lights of home in land of dis - tant

cres.

foam, . . . Dream'd I my head lay hap - py on . . . this breast, lay . . . hap - py,

wars, Twin lights of home, . . . of home, Twin lights of home in

f

Ped. * Ped.

Allegro agitato.

cres. molto.

ISAAC. IVANHOE.

Knight, Knight of I - van-hoe, I come for thee! My child is doomed to die. To

sf *p* *p*

ISAAC. T

die ! Nay hear me. When the fierce Tem - plar snatched her from burn-ing Tor - quil-stone, he

bore her To the next house of the Or - der. There have they sat in judg-ment on my child,

For witch - craft prac - tised on that e - vil knight, And

she must die by fire. My child has called a cham - pion :

ad lib. *U a tempo.* **ROWENA.**
Thou wilt come, I pray thee at thy feet, A - way with me! Wil-fred, be-think thee, thou art

IVANHOE.

weak with wounds. In thy mer - cy stay with me, Wil - fred, my love! And

shall she die by fire? She led me back to life and love of thee.

ROWENA.

I would not have thee

IVANHOE.

Though I were weaker than an ail - ing girl, Must I not go?

ISAAC.

My child must die by fire!

stay With me and shame. 0

My child must die!

cres. *cres. molto.* *sf dim. p*

Wil-fred, O my love Go, go, lest I en -

ROWENA.
- treat thee back a - gain! en - treat thee back a - gain,

IVANHOE.
My heart, my queen! Be brave till next I clasp thee in my

ISAAC.
My child must die by fire! Thou wilt

19,001.

go, . . . O love, O

arms. Fare well, dear love ! fare well,

come, I pray, I pray, I pray thee come a-way, a-way, a-way with me,

my love !

dear love !

A-way !

f

Ped. * Ped. * Ped. *

19,001.

FINALE.

SCENE III.

Andante maestoso.

PIANO.

TENORS.

CHORUS OF TEMPLARS. Fre - mu - e -

BASSES.

Fre - mu - e -

cres.

f

re prin - ci - pes, Ir - ru - e re tur - bi - di: In hoc Tem - plo u - na spes,

re prin - ci - pes, Ir - ru - e re tur - bi - di: In hoc Tem - plo u - na spes,

U - na sa - - - lus Do - - - mi - ni ! No - bis sit vic -

U - na sa - - - lus Do - - - mi - ni ! No - bis sit vic -

- to - ri - a, Nos - tro Tem - plo glo - ri - a, Glo - - - - - ria

- to - ri - a, Nos - tro Tem - plo glo - ri - a, Glo - - - - - ria

3 A
Sanc - to no - mi - ni !

3
Sanc - to no - mi - ni !

3
mp cres.

Cor - di - bus ac men - - ti - bus Pro - ni ve - ne - ra - mur te:
 Cor - di - bus ac men - - ti - bus Pro - ni ve - ne - ra - mur te:
 f

Sal - us es - to gen - - - ti - bus In hoc Tem - - - plo, Do - - - - mi -
 Sal - us es - to gen - - - ti - bus In hoc Tem - - - plo, Do - - - - mi -

f
 - ne! No - bis sit vic - to - ri - a, Nos - tro Tem - plo glo - ri - a,
 - ne! No - bis sit vic - to - ri - a, Nos - tro Tem - plo glo - ri - a,
 cresc. molto. ff

Glo - . . . ria sanc - to no - mi ni! . . .

Glo - . . . ria sanc - to no - mi ni! . . .

GRAND MASTER.

rall. e cres. ff

Thou

lento.

Jew - ish girl, who art con-demned to die For prac-tice of thy vile un - ho - ly arts A - gainst a

no - ble Chris - tian knight, at - tend. Thou didst de-mand a cham-pion, and our

B

Or - der Err - ing perchance, as 'tis most meet to err, In mer - - cy, heard thy pray'r;

Where - fore we named our tried and val - iant bro - ther, Bri - an, the knight of whom thou art ac -

- cused, To meet thy cham - pion, should a cham-pion come. But now the hours de - cline,

and sinks the sun As sinks thy life. The hour of doom is near. Re -

C

19,001.

C: #

- pent and free thy soul! Re - pent and free . . . thy soul! Con -

D REBECCA. *Allegro non troppo.*

- fess thy crime. I am in - no - cent.

Now, if God will, even in this last dark hour He will ap - point a

cham - pion. But if no cham - pion come, I

E

GRAND MASTER. *Andante come lmo.*

F

Allegro vivace.

THE TEMPLAR.

Will ye slay the in - no-cent? Butch - ers and burn - ers! She is mine, I say; I say she

ad lib.

colla voce.

GRAND MASTER.

G *a tempo.*

shall . . . not burn. What need of fur - - ther proof? The

witch - - craft works Even in his lips, and breeds

cres.

RECIT.

their blas - - phe - my. Take her and bind her to the

cres. molto.

ff

19,001.

THE TEMPLAR. RECIT.

H a tempo.

stake. Back ! as you hope to live !

p *molto cres.* *sf* *f*

Andante con moto.

roll. *dim.* *p* *pp*

Swear to be mine, and I will save thee now. My horse is nigh at

hand, Za - mor my horse who nev - er failed me yet ; and he will

Ped. ** Ped*

Andante (♩=♩)

bear . . . thee To life and love. One word, and thou shalt

Ped. *

Ped. *

REBECCA.

pp Oh Je - ho - vah, Guard, . . . oh guard me! . . .

pp : : live! . . .

Ped. *

Allegro con brio.

pp

CHORUS. SOPRANOS. *p* *cres.*

A cham - pion ! A cham - pion ! A

(A shout, behind the Scenes.) TENORS & BASSES. *p* *cres.*

A cham - pion ! A cham - pion ! A

p

cham pion !

cham pion !

oreo. *molto.* *f* *simile.*

Ped. * Ped. * Ped. *

Ped. * Ped. * Ped. *

M

IVANHOE.

For-bear, for - bear ! I come, her cham - pion.

Music for section M, featuring two staves of music. The top staff is in treble clef and the bottom staff is in bass clef. The music consists of eighth and sixteenth note patterns. The lyrics 'For-bear, for - bear ! I come, her cham - pion.' are written below the notes.

Music for section M, featuring two staves of music. The top staff is in treble clef and the bottom staff is in bass clef. The music consists of eighth and sixteenth note patterns. The lyrics 'ere set of sun, Wil - - fred of I - van - hoe.' are written below the notes.

CHORUS. *f*

A

f

A

Music for the Chorus, featuring two staves of music. The top staff is in treble clef and the bottom staff is in bass clef. The music consists of eighth and sixteenth note patterns. The lyrics 'ere set of sun, Wil - - fred of I - van - hoe.' are written below the notes.

N

cham - pion, a cham - pion, a cham - . . . pion !

cham - pion, a cham - pion, a cham - . . . pion !

Music for section N, featuring two staves of music. The top staff is in treble clef and the bottom staff is in bass clef. The music consists of eighth and sixteenth note patterns. The lyrics 'cham - pion, a cham - pion, a cham - . . . pion !' are written below the notes. The bass staff includes markings for Pedal and 19,001.

REBECCA. *s* *un poco agitato.* *s* *s* *s* *s* *s* *s* *s* *s*

He is weak, he is wound - ed, He must not fight for me!

stacc.

Oh! as you hope for mer - cy at the last, For - bid the com - bat!

fp

Ped. * Ped.

TEMPLAR. *un poco più lento.*

This is the man you love! Now is the hour,

fp *un poco più lento.*

Death - hour for him or me. Look to thy life, . thou wretch of I - van-hoe!

ad lib. *sf*

cres.

a tempo.

Q IVANHOE.

Dead! He is dead!

CHORUS. SOPRANOS

Andante lento.

A judg-ment! A judg-ment! The e - vil pas-sions war- ring in his soul Have

TENORS & BASSES.

A judg-ment! A judg-ment! The e - vil pas-sions war- ring in his soul Have

cres.

rent him like the sev - en fiends of Hell !

Bow down be -

rent him like the sev - en fiends of Hell !

Bow down be -

cres.

dim. e rall. *p*

fore the judg - ment of . . . the Lord.

fore the judg - ment of the Lord.

(They unbind REBECCA.)

pp

Allegretto moderato. (She moves towards IVANHOE, but stops.)

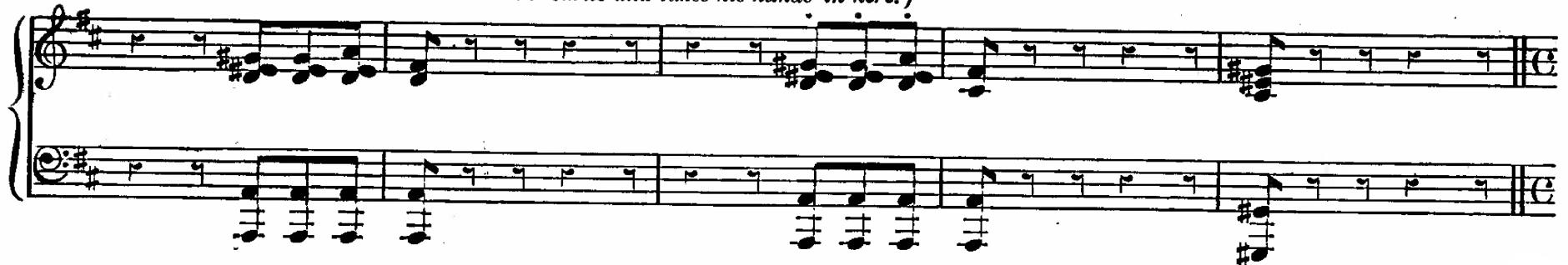
(IVANHOE goes towards ROWENA.)

cres.

(ISAAC goes timidly and touches the hand of REBECCA, who is gazing

dim. *p*

at IVANHOE and ROWENA: at this touch she turns and takes his hands in hers.)



S Allegro con brio.

KING RICHARD.

2: C: #C: C: C: C:

I charge thee, Con - rad,

f *sf p*

Mas - ter of the Tem - ple On whose foul sport we have in - tri - ded here, Up and be -

2: C: #C: C: C: C:

- gone, thou and thy trait - 'rous knights, And at your pe - ril shame our coasts no

2: C: #C: C: C: C:

f

T GRAND MASTEE.

f a tempo.

more. And dost thou ban - ish me? The Tem - ple stands a - bove the wrath of

CHORUS OF TEMPLARS. TENORS.

The Tem - ple stands a - bove the wrath of

BASSES.

The Tem - ple stands a - bove the wrath of

KING RICHARD

Kings! We will ap - peal to Rome!

Ap - peal! Ap - peal!

Kings! We will ap - peal to Rome!

Kings! We will ap - peal to Rome!

Ped.

RECIT.

But if I find thee yet on Eng - lish ground, I will so har - ry thee, thou for - eign knight, That

p

U *rall.* Andante Maestoso.

thou shalt have no voice to plead in Rome. See where the ban - ner of

rall. *ff* *p*

CHORUS OF TEMPLARS (TENORS & BASSES).

Eng - land floats a - far . . . a - bove thy Tem - ple pen - nants ! Wide as the world our

p *p*

REBECCA. V

Our Temple was not madewithhands, But IVANHOE.

Hail, O

Tem - ple stands to mock the might of kings, To mock the

p

19,001.

high as Heav'n it springs, high . . . as Heav'n it springs.

f ROWENA.

O love, love . . . that hold'st the world in fee and

love, O love that hold'st . . . the world in

CEDRIC & KING.

O love that hold'st the world in fee and

CHORUS. *f* O love that hold'st the world . . . in fee and

O love that hold'st the world in fee and strong - est

might of kings, Wide as the world the Tem - ple stands, stands to

p

W

Our Tem - ple was not

strong - est knights in thrall, . Our hymn we raise to thee, . . And

fee, And strong - est knights in thrall, we

strong - est knights in thrall, Our hymn we raise to thee, And .

strong - est knights in thrall, . . Our hymn we raise to thee, And

knights in thrall, Our hymn we raise to thee, And

mock the might of kings. To mock the might of kings, The

made . . . with hands But high . . . as Heav'n it

hail . . . thee Lord of all, And hail . . . thee Lord of

hail thee Lord . . . of all, And hail thee Lord of

hail thee Lord . . . of all, And hail thee Lord of

hail thee Lord . . . of all, And hail thee Lord of

might of kings, . . . to mock, to mock the might of

Ped.

heav'n,
high
as
heav'n !

all,
Lord
of
all !

kings,
might
of
kings !

Ped. * Ped. * Ped. * The End.

19,001

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